

WRITTEN FOR THE SUNDAY REPUBLIC. Talk about stealing

STEALING

a man's trade," said the shoemaker, "a funny thing happened up at the shop I used to work at on Frankiin avenue one time.

"There was one of them reg'lar little bandy-legged tailors used to come in there and leaf around whenever work was sizek with him at his

own trade of tailorin'. Course, he was a friend of the boss's, and I didn't have nothin' to say about it, or I'd have told him something. "Well, he'd been coming in pretty reg'lar

for two or three weeks, and I noticed he'd burn, at at. use to watch me and the boss pretty close what we was doing. So one day be up and says, 'I b'leeve I cud make a pair o' shoes.' Just like that—confident like. "So the boss answers him, and says.

Well, go shead. Why don't you?" "So the little tailor, he says, 'All it needs is care and patience that I can see. Course, leather is a little different from cloth, but If you wasn't a good customer of mine for a long time now, and I didn't feel like it'd be stealing a man's trade, I'd make them

"The boss didn't say nothing; he only smiled and sent the kid out for the beer. And after we drank the beer the little tailor makes a bet with the boss that he could make as good a pair of shoes as anybody t the boss'd lend him a pair o' lests and

Bawl. "So next day little old Bandy-legs goes sown to the leather-house and buys the stock for them shoes he was going to make, and we didn't see nothing of him for about

"And, say! talking about stealing a man's trade from him-1 just wisht you could have seen them shoes when little 'Bandy' gets 'em done. He came in the shop with em, and me and the boss knowed there was something wrong with 'em when he first came in

"Now maybe you fellers don't know how a shoe's made. There's some that claims to be good shoemakers don't know much more, I'll tell you that. Anyway, Bandy went to work and forgot about the groove-or maybe he never knowed-that you got to allow for in stitching the sole Course, when a shoe's made you draw the upper on over the last and stitch the insole on with stitches that's about two sixteenths long. That there's enough to hold it all right, and then when you go to put the sole on you got to cut a little groove all ground and allow for that. Whe ft comes to sewing the sole proper on twenty-two stitches to the inch is pretty gair sewing, but doggone me if that little old tailor hadn't gone to work and sewed thirty-two. But the worst part about it was, he hadn't allowed for no space be tween where he'd sewed the insole on and where he sewed the sole. So, of course, them microscope stitches o' his'n didn't do thing but play the dickens with them two sixteenth stitches. Cut 'em clean to pieces. 'And when he went to pull the last out i

"So when he came down to the shop had 'em with him and he asked the boss what could be done to save 'em-

"Bout the only thing you kin do, says the boss, 'is to go to work and peg 'em. Maybe they'll hold that way,' says the boss. "Well, I went to work and pegged 'em in for him, and Old Bandy sends the kid out with the can for the beer and some good clgars what he'd lost on his bet with the

boss, and everything was all right, "But I'll tell you one thing right now, you can rubber all you're a mind to, but you can't steal no man's trade."

body steal pobody's trade, but I tell you what I did see reen a meat cutter lose his medal, what he got for cutting meat, too. What do you think of that, "Y'see I uster work over on Market

"Oh, I don't know."

said the butcher, "I

street, close to Eighth. That's right-you remember me, don't you, Shorty, when I uster work over there? An' while, o' course, I ain't saying it myself, yet there ain't so very many meat cutters can put me on the "But I goes inter the Meat Cutters Tour

WESTTEN FOR THE SUNDAY REPUBLIC.

nament an' I lose. On the square and proper, too, The Dutchman had me skinned. It was up to me an' him, an' he beat me to it. "But yet, at that, I'm game for any old thing. That how I seen my rival get beat out o' his medal. An' I wasn't a bit sorry,

"A 'Chink' done it. "How's that? Well, I'll tell you. Y'see there was a lame guy on the corner, run the 'Owl' lunch wagon, Micky was the name he went by.

"Well, one day Micky comes to me an' he says: 'Say, I seen you when you lose out on the tournament, an' I've got a scheme fer you ter get square." "'What it is?' says f.

" 'Cough up fer a can, an' I'll spring it,' says Micky. So I coughed." "What's the hardest thing to do in meat

"'Oh, dat's easy,' says Micky, because he talks that way. Dis and dat, you know.

'How is it easy?' asks I. " Two got a dark horse, says the lame set in.

"An' sure enough he did have one, and a peach, too. The Chink I was tellin' you

"Well, we fixed the match up, an' the medal Dutchman showed up on time, "Twas a Sunday morning, an' the winner was to look for them in that deep mow.

It seems he'd kept the tails for some take all the shoulders that was cut in a son, I don't know what. stip'lated time. A keg o' beer was what I bet against the medal.

"Well, the Chink, he showed up all right -'cause Micky'd fetched him along. The 'Old Man' held the watch himself, an' the Chink didn't do a thing but trim three shoulders to the Dutchman's two.

"The Dutchman had all the best of it when it came to tools. But the Chink eidn't have nothing but one of them big knife ripped the stitching, as I said, clean all deavers they use. That was all. An' he didn't leave a fingernaliful o' meat on a

single bone, neither. "Three shoulders to the Dutchman's two Think o' that! Wouldn't that set you

crazy? "But, o' course, Micky hadn't never told me who the Chink was, or I'd have savvied, "Say, he was the cook in a Chinese res-

taurant on Eighth street.

"Any old time you can lose one o' them! Why, one o' them would be mere liable to leave bone in the meat than meat on the bone. An that's what, as a meat cutter, I call cutten 'medal meat."

WRITTEN FOR THE SUNDAY REPUBLIC. "Well, talking about economy and conks and one thing and another," said the

habit to go hunting every year. "Sometimes it would te in Canada-you know I'm a Canuck, born and raised-but

stationary engineer,

"I used to make it i

on this side, in Michigan.
"Now, Michigan sin't like it used to be,

wanted and fire the rest, they do things different there now.

"Nowadays if a man'z got a patch of timber in Michigan he nurses it. And there's some pretty big patches left up there's some pretty big patches left up there yet, let me tell you. But, as I was saying, or started out to say, to correct myself, the man that owns timber in Michigan nowadays takes mighty good care he doesn't kill the goose that have a wooden down a bird to put against the Dutchman's. egg your grandmother darned on. "But what I was going to ask you was,

say, did any one of you ever the how to cook a beaver's tail?

"Well, I suppose there isn't a one of you that ever tried that And I don't blame back and laughing at us.

"Tain't no jusc, boys, yer can't git no wr-r-r-r-g-costah what can lick mine." And wr-r-r-r-g-costah what can lick mine." And

with an old Indian him and me were over accounts for it, because there and no Plo-in Michigan hunting, and the noble old red-decisker living can pronounce roosiet man took it into his head he'd set some beaver traps, which he knew how to do. Not on the bank, of course, like some do, but under the water in what they called

the beaver's run.
"You see a beaver builds his house so

get a thing but a few beaver that the old "Well, he didn't I Indian got in his traps. Of course, we had idea of mine a little some provisions, but not very much, and break his neck to get away from it. We we hadn't counted on the blazard that put the burlapping around his runway,

"Well, along about the third or fourth day most of our provisions and all our meat run out, and if you ever been out hunting you know what that means.

"The old Indian, I noticed had skinned the beavers and thrown the carcasses"

"That's where the fun came in I was tell the beavers and thrown the carcasses."

away. Of course it wasn't any use to tr

"Well, the fourth day we didn't eat much nor the fifth day neither. But on the fifth day the weather began to let up, and the old Indian gave me the ax and told me

"So I went out, and he came along, to wood. I brought the rest.

"And then he goes to work and builds a good fire in our hithe old shack and pull them beaver talls on to boil. But first o brought along. And he purboils, minutes, and when he rook them out y ought to see them white maple chips blue as ink. But when he skinned that greening rubber ekin off the braver tails they we

white as snow, "We had a 'spider' along, and he put the in that and made what you might cult in that and made what you make the pot reast of them.

"Good? Well, I'll tell you how good they were. Next day the snew began to main and for two or three weeks we had the first hunting and more game to eat that I ever had in my life, and I've hunted some. Had didn't any of it come up to these beave talls.

WRITTEN FOR THE SUNDAY REPUBLIC, "The most fun I ev-

was carpentering up

in Illinois," said the carpenter. "And you fellows talking about RANKE same and stuff like that puts me to mind of the time I used to train a game rooster "In the first place, there was an old Dutch-

er had was when I

I vote here, and sometimes it would be over | man up there had an old Indian game, and he was a dandy, even if he was old. He wasn't exactly what you could, strictly boys, for the reason that where they'd used to go through and cut out what timber they he'd licked everything he'd ever gone up against. And he'd had lots and tots of but-

egg your grandmother darked on.
"But was only a young bird, and Jake's old Indian game made short work of him.
"Out what I was going to ask you was.

that's the way he pronounced rooster, too.
"Yessir, one winter-I used to always go He was a Plotdeetsker, you see, and that

"So we sent to Chiengo again, and this time we got a regular old veteran of the ring, guaranteed 'never licked.' "The only trouble about him was he was

"You see a beaver builds his house so that you have to go through water to get to it, and that keeps all other animals out, ement. Where does the crafty-handlwork come in? says he.

"Well, I don't know nothing more downight of the fall and the old Indian Insisted in setting bis traps cut before we did any shoulder o' pork."

"Has the man with the medal got any coin?" asks Micky.

"Sure," says I. But that don't cut no fee with me. All I'd like to lay my hands on is that medal."

"We went ou to prove that the medal."

"You see a beaver builds his house so that your draining, and the Chicago man to it. I way decided to wait for the appointed that was what was the matter.

"You see a beaver builds his house so that you set your trap on land and Mr. Heaver gets caught he'll gnaw his leg off. I've often seen that.

"You see a beaver builds his house so that you of down them attended to make a decide to wait for the appointed that was what was the matter.

"So we took him up into a great big empty from itself, and the said of short-winded, that was when was when the matter.

"You see a beaver builds his house so that two the matter.

"You see a beaver builds his house so that was the matter.

"So we took him up into a great big empty from itself, and the was what was the matter.

"You see a beaver sum.

"You see a beaver builds his house so that the tweeks. He was kind of short-winded, that was what was the matter.

"So we took him up into a great big empty from itself, and the Chicago man to it.

It was decided to wait for the appointed that was what was the matter.

"You see a beaver sum.

"You see a beaver sum.

"You see a beaver builds his house so that the tweeks. He was kind of short-winded, that was what was the matter.

"You see a beaver builds his house so that was what was the matter.

"You see a beaver builds his house so the twe that was the matter.

"You see a beaver builds his house so the that was what as wha

"Well, he didn't like that fishing-po course, to keep him from slipping. But one in a while he'd get in such a big herry to turn a corner that he'd get off the burlage he'd go a-sliding clean around the room

"That's where the fun came in I was tell ng you about. It was worth a can of her any time to see him hit that hard pain

hen he was going at a lively gait. "Well, come time to fight 'em in abou two weeks. Me and the bartender figured out that after two weeks with the fishing pole, if he didn't have his mind, he'd neve

You never seen a prettier chicken fich than that one was while it lasted, this Jake had his bird in elegant trim. I'll say that for Jake

"Both of them were old-old-timers, and you set they scrapped some. Jake's bird got whoded first, and, to show you how cute he was, he'd run his head under the other fellow's wing and hold it there till he got about two or three good long breaths, and then he'd go to scrapping again.

Well, by-and-by come our bird's turn to breathe, and that's where the Sam Hill came in. He hadn't no more than str his head under old Jake's Indian game' wing than be let out a whoop and flew in pit, and we never could get him back is

"It all was done so quick we couldn't

me what Jake's bird done to him, but about a year afterwards after he had the laugh on us that long-Old Jake admitted that he had put red pepper under his hird's

WRITTEN FOR THE SUNDAY REPUBLIC. "Yes, speaking about

game," said the metwas carpentering up around Farmer City, some mighty funny things might be told in connection with "Twenty years ago,

when I was a good deal younger than I am now, and a good deal of a dare devil, I took what money I had saved in twelve years of hard work in

the fron mills of Youngstown, O.—I was a placed in an old described more in hopes of puddler in those days, and made my eight making it pay again. Every pound of that and sat down and ordered a cocktail. Well, and ten a day—and, going West, located machinery had to be haused as miles over I took it to him, and didn't think anything in Montana on a ranch lying between the mountains, by ox team, too—that is, after we left the railway. in Montana on a ranch lying between the Fowder River and Big Box Alder.

"Well, come along the fall of '83, and the ranchmen, cowboys and hunters, having viewed with each season the gradual

decrease in the number of buffale ranging there, got up a scheme to get one more "By common consent everybody in those

parts refrained that fall from killing buf-falo, for it had been agreed that a general hunt should take place on a given day. and then everybody would stand an equal

"Two weeks before the day agreed upon cowboys and hunters and ranchmen-in fact, every man, it seemed, that had a horse and gun, began to assemble at Miles City. And, by strange coincidence, it seemed, the buffalo from all directions had begun to flock into that portion. It had been years since such enormous herds had

"Many of the men were for going for them at once, fearing, if too much delay were indulged in, the buffalo would either become scattered or move from the locality

down through the deep cut paths leading from the plain to Powder River that had taken their ancestors centuries to make "Everything was ready; everything was

lant of the morrow's prospects, came in with the good news that the herd was all together and peacefully reclining and chew ing their cuds in the cool, deep shadows of Powder River's bluffs, we almost quivered with the tension our minds and bodie

were subjected to. Toward midnight a detachment arrived from Miles City, and when we told them the fortunate state of affairs their cla-

tion, if anything, exceeded ours. That same herd of buffalo is along the White River, up in British America, to

protected by law from slaughter. "It seems the hand of God must have interfered to save them, Or it may have been that animals understand. And then again, it may have been that the buffalo, in fear of complete extinction, had long been contemplating the move themselves.

The size of the herd in itself would in dicate that, for it was remarked at time, after we got to thinking over matter, that it would seem that all the buffalo left in the United States must have been congregated in that herd. "Now, whether the buffalo knew of the

plan that had been formed to slaughter them, or whether they deln't, will never be known to mertal man. But it remains a fact that they did leave that night and successfully chuled pursuit. It is said they made no stops until they had crossed the "It does seem strange, doesn't it?

"Some of our number cussed and swore unmercifully when it happened, and a few led better lives afterwards,

WRITTEN FOR THE SUNDAY REPUBLIC. "What you was

mind a curious af fair, in which a kangarno rat certainly earned his title of the "Eleven years ago I went down to Old animals, but the funniest animal I know Mexico with a consignment of mining machinery from St. Louis, which was to be placed in an old described mine in hopes of making it pay again. Every pound of that

saying a little while

the old reachinist, ad-

dressing the shoemak-

er, "brings to my

"After everything had been set up and my After everything had been set up and my part of the contract had been fulfilled, I stayed around to look after things for awhile, and, naturally, baving picked up some knowledge of mining, another fellow and myself started out on our own ac-

"The mining laws of Mexico were too se-vere, and as I didn't like a 'greaser' nohow, me and my partner drifted up into Arizona and tried our luck there. "By the time we'd got settled down I'd

let go of most of my money. I never was no hand to save, but my partner was He had about \$300, and, as it was all in \$5 gold pleces, it made it just a little bit too heavy to carry around with him all the time. "We were stopping in an old cabin that some fellow had put up and lived in awhile and then gone away and left it. Of course, that meant 'rent free,' and we were glad

to get it.
"In the cabin there was a fireplace that had a brick hearth to it, and my parthad a brick hearth to it, and my part-ner figured out that would be a pretty good place to 'stash' So he took up one of the bricks, and hid his money in a little hole he dug. And then he put the brick back, and to save your life, if you di'n't know it, you couldn't tell there was anything there.

Well, one day I stayed home, sick, while he went out to work on the claim, and it wasn't more than two or three days after, when he went to look for his money and found it gone.
"Of course, he accused me of taking it.

or course, he accused me or taking in eaccoulty grazing, unmindful of the fate a store for them.

"As the sun sank low in the afternoon of that red and goblen November day the had it hid, and it dish't seem probable that anybody that might have stopped at the cabin during our absence would ever have thought of looking under that brick.

"Well, I thought I'd like to drop dead when he accused me of taking it, and I told him so. That ain't all I told, either, told him to give me a little time to think the matter over, and if I couldn't convince him I never took his money, why we'd have to fight, that's all, That's what I told him. "And he said, 'all right,' and asked me how long I wanted,

"I told him a couple of days would be long enough, I thought, but first I wanted to examine the place where the mose,'d gene from

up that brick there wasn't a sign of a gold piece, but there was just a pile of horseshee nails. He was so mad when he'd first looked there that he had paid no at-

tention to them nails.
"But them there nails set me to think ing, and I says. 'I'm, there's been a kanga

roo rat at work here
"What's that?" asks he.
"Why, one of them little devils the long bind legs and the pouch just like the kangaroo, I told him. And they're the biggest traders on earth. They'll steal any-

I WESTTEN FOR THE SUNDAY REPUBLIC. "Well, you fellows

ago about stealing a man's trade," said

can talk about andmals all you're a mind to," said the bartender, who, becoming interested, had come from behind the bar and stood with his two hands on the back of a chair. "I'll admit there's lots of funny things about

many he ordered, just so long as he could pay for 'em.

"The funny part of it all was, though, he was still sitting there when Julius came on watch, and Jule told me next morning that he hadn't moved off his chair, not once, in all that time. Just bought cocktails and drank 'em; that's all be done, Jule said. "Well, I thought that was kind of funny

and I went in to see if there was anything the matter with him. But there wasn't nothing more the matter with him than

with you or me or any one of us.
"He said he was a pictorial sign painter, and he told me about a funny sign he seen the day before up on Washington avenue, near Nineteenth. He sald there was a sign there with a picture of the Maine, with all there with an and coming right at you, and her steam up, and coming right at you, and he said she wasn't half a block away from the shore, where the water couldn't be more than three feet deep at the most, and all the people on shore, he said, was just stand-ing still and doing nothing but looking like wooden dummies.
"He seemed to think it was awfully fun-

ny, 'cause he just sat there and chuckled. And then he went on ordering cocktailsand then he went on ordering cocktails— and paying for 'em. And he never moved once off his chair all that day. "When I came down the next morning Jule said he'd been there all the time and

had ordered, on an average, about three cocktails on hour and drank 'em. Where

he put 'em all I don't know.

'Jule told some of the stereotypers that
come in here every morning after they're
through work about it, and they must have people kept coming in to take a look at

"The fourth day the reporters began to come, and one or two of 'em wrote him pp in the papers I believe. I've got one of the pieces they printed at the time somewhere around home, I don't know where, but I'll look it up some time when I think of it and bring it down to show you I ain't lying. "'Course they wrote him up for a 'mys-

tery, and he was a sure enough mystery to me, at that. How any man could sit on one chair and drink cocktails for four days and "Finally I began to get scared, and I went

in and asked him didn't he think he'd be going home-or somewhere. But he only ordered another cocktail, and, when I brought it, he asked me if I was trying to get rid of him, and didn't I want his cus

tem?
Well, what could I say? It's true he was an awful lot of cocktalls in them four well, what could I say? It's true he drank an awful lot of cocktails in them four days. But he paid for 'em, and I didn't see very well how I could throw him out.

'Finally he saked me if I didn't think it was pretty near time for 'the house' to treat

once. "At first I didn't know what to say, but I mixed him up a cocktail and told him it was

the kaugaroo, I told him. And they're the biggest traders on earth. They'll steal anything they can carry off, but they'll at they'll at they'll at they'll at they'll at they'll at they ton me.

"And then he told me about a sign pale of what they took.
"So, we laid for that rat, 'cause I knowed hed come back for them nails some time. And, sure enough, he did come, and we watched him carefully, and took an awful lot of pains to keep from scaring him, and in that way we found out where his shack was, and lamn me if we didn't find up with atout a half a keg of horseshoe nails.
"I claimed the nails for my wounded feelings, and sold them for \$12.
"Horseshoe rails was high then in Atizona."

That's what seemed to make a his with the cockail man. I thought he'd die langhing as he went out the door.

"Ent first hink! Four days and four nights, never moving off of one chair, and drinking onektails all the time."

DICK WOOD.

WRITTEN FOR THE SUNDAY REPUBLIC. No feature of the human countenance so ament of a person as does the mouth. In extremely ancient writings the lines of the mouth are described to indicate character. while to-day the shape of the mouth and jaw is the first thing mentioned in describ-

ing a strongly marked face. The mouth is not an unfailing index to character, however, and many exceptions occur to the rule that temperament can be determined therefrom. A notable exam ple was Charles Fox, the great English statesman, whose mouth showed only the sensuous side of his nature, the firmness and decision which were his strong points appearing in the squareness of his jav

Other notable exceptions occur in the leading political parties, men of opposite dis-positions having the same type of mouths In some instances. As a general rule, however, it will be found that public characters live up to the temperament indicated, as generally accepted, by the mouth. As examples, the leading men in the late Denucratic convention may be taken. All those who were most carnestly and inflexibly in favor of the tenets of their party and were known to be men of unflinching resolution were possessed a most without exception of the style of mouth generally accepted as indicating these characteristics. This was especially true of Bryan, with his thin, straight lips, and also of W. D. Oldham, his

h Richard Croker has a strong mouth, but on a different cast from Bryan's. The corof his lips are slightly turned down his lips are fuller than those of Bryan, the strength of his character is most ent in the shape of his jaw, which

be taken as a type of power. thin lines of Bryan's mouth show the American mouth, this cast of lins

Shown in the Mouths of Democratic and Republican Leaders.

I statesmen this country has produced. Wil liam J. Stone, former Governor of this State has also a thin-lipped mouth, though it seems a trifle full by comparison with Bryan's. The slight downward slant exists in his lips, also, as it does in Croker's. Carter Harrison of Chicago has a per fectly straight mouth of somewhat sever

That business capacity and party leader as a rather curious coincidence that both he and Croker, who come from large cities have rather full lips, while the tendency of

country is toward thin lips.

Adlai E. Stevenson has a firm mouth, but it is so effectually concealed by his short, drooping mustache that an idea of his character can only be formed from the lines of his chin, James J. Jones has a similar

mouth of a busine part of his lip is that possessed of a financier rather than a politician, though the same connection exists between the two, as in Carter Harrison's case.

There were several other notable characters in the conventient whose mouths were so shrended by a bushy growth of whiskers that their real character could not be determined. A case in point was that of

of a scholar's, the shape of the lips not belying this. David B. Hill possesses a mouth inclined to fullness.

Charles S. Thomas, Governor of Colorado, Charles inclined to fullness.

severity to a great extent, but the general of his mouth seem more indicative of business man than of the politician. ship are closely connected, however, would seem indicated by his record. John P. Altgeld has a straight, moderately full-lipped mouth of a distinctly opposite type from that of Carter Harrison. In conection with Harrison it may be mentioned

lines. The fullness of his lips removes the

politicians from the smaller towns and

cealed by the beard.

David S. Rose, Mayor of Milwaukee, was another figure at the convention, with the mouth of a business man rather than of a bullician. The expression of his lip is that possessed of a financier rather than a roll.

Iowa, has a rather full mouth of encertain lowa, has a rather full mouth of encertain

had perhaps the pleasantest mouth of all those in the convention. His mouth was a typical Southern one, in which firmness was blended with genuality.

The most notable figures at the Republian Convention were, of course, McKintey, Roosevelt and Hanna. The thin mouth is Roosevett and Habini. The thin south is apparent in both McKinley and Habini to a marked degree. Harms having perhaps the coldest expression about the the Rosse-velt's mouth has the tendency to fulling brack mentioned in emercian with the politicians who hall from the large but more resolution expressed in his line than McKinier. Another case in point is that of Timothy L.

Weadruff, Lieutenant Governor of New York. He has the thicker lips of the dwell er in a large city and the general expression is more that of the politician than of the leader. Matthew S. Quay, the political leader, has the cold, calculating mouth which one would expect him to possess.

Thomas C. Platt has a mouth which it would be hard to describe, its lines might mean anything, and there is no feature o It which indicates one phase of his chara-ter more than another. This effect is pro-ably heightened by the heard be wears. John Davis Long, the New England on

didate for the vice presidency, has a good-natured month of rather full lines. The same may be said of John Prentiss Polliver, mouth, with more of a droop to the corners, and in his case even the chin is concealed by the beard.

for the vice presidency by the Populists, has a firm mouth of the general appearance of a scholar's, the shape of the lips not be. Ohio, he possessing facial adornments of

lip of rather drooting corners. James D. ty in reading the countenance of many of Richardson, Congression from Tennessee, the Republicans. Perhaps the reason is that Republicans have more to conceal than

QUATRAIN.

WE fall at Time and Chance, and break the sun dead because the day departs And are the sums of Life and Love less

- Richard Hovey in the Bookman. "SALAAM KURO." A correspondent of the London Times tells of an elephant's good manners and of the

tenucity with which an idea once received

dheres in its memory. took my children to see the elephant and to give them a ride. After the ride I wanted to give the elephant a bun, and to make

The animal looked at me hard for w time and at the bun in my hand. At last memory came to his help, and up went his trunk and he made a most correct salaam The keeper seemed very much surprised. and asked me what it meant. I told him it was a point of good manners for an el phant to raise his trunk up to his forchead if any one was going to feed him and that frequently elephants will ask in this polite manner for something when they see any

one pass by who is likely to feed them,

iv. "make a salaam.

the elephant do this before, and if I remen ber rightly he had been in charge of the inimal since it arrived from India. For seventeen years this animal had nev-r heard these words, and had always taken his food without this mark of good man

The keeper assured me he had never see

INCITY STREETS. If Noah had lived in days as teeming ble to get the ships discharged; men would ark, left high and dry by the receiling

would have suggested its excellent fitness The recent terrible flood at Galveston carried inland vessels that it would have been impossible to drag from the waves to the sands, and there they stand, silent yet emphatic testimonials of the awful strength of the tidal wave that here them inland. Doubtless in days to come these stranded vessels will be put to some use never thought of when they were designed, and little children playing about them will be told stories of "once upon a time" when the storm that swept over the island carhim say "Please," said "Salaam kura" that I fied the ships over the terror-stricken city In Front street, New York, there is a building which rests upon the wreck of a beached ship. The story of this ship is well known to old New Yorkers, and the building still preserves the name of the

> In San Francisco, where none may aspire to rank in the pioneer or "forty-niner class unless he can distinctly remember when the water came up to Montgomery street," which, relatively to the present pier and bulkhead fine, represents a distunce much farther inland than Pront street in New York-there is another strand ed vessel-house. At the time when Montgemery street had only one side, being in reality the beach, the bay of San Fran cisco was crowded with all sorts of ship lying idle for the simple reason that all hands and the cook had skipped out for Sutter's Fort and the mines. It was impossi-

ship.

with enterprise as the present no doubt his | never consent to be stevedores on the beach when they could be millionaires at the mines. That is why many of the cargoes were never broughed except when there was need of something to fill up the mudholes waves, would have been turned to some commercial account, for its great reominess on the beach streets. No Argonaut would respect himself if he could not tell of the time when he saw the streets along the wa ter front paved with plug tobacco in boxes One of this fleet, abandoned and derelic at her anchors, the good ship Niantic, parted her cables in one of the stiff winds

> upon by some owner of real estate to take the ship away.
>
> The presence of the ship aided the silting up of the mud flat, and in a short time it was awash only at high tide, and flustly dry all day long. Then it was recognized that the

deeps

of the Weather Bureau. BROWNINGS. O mated souls, that through the blissful

Know ye how all the world of lovers heaps Its garlams on the living words that aye The holy passion of your vows shall say Till Song itself to gray oblivion creeps? The alpha and omega of the heart; The perfect scale, to its first note return

for; Each fond detail, each jot of life or art, Touched with the fire upon the altar -Marion Pelton Gulid in the Atlantic,

drifted ashore on the mud flat at the foot of Clay street, and found a convenient and sticky berth about a hundred yards off shore on the line of the present Sansoms street. The underwriters paid the loss, for at the current rate of wages and the absence of labor it would have cost half dozen times her worth to get her off, and even then she would be of no use without sailers. Having paid the loss, the under writers in turn abandoned her, and proba-bly felt in luck that they were not called

that this was a new addition to the from of the city, and some business man took possession of the ship and made it over into a warehouse. The vessel was sound in every timber, spars all standing and sails on the yards, the hold as tight as a drum, and if she did make as much as 2 foot a month, it was only a short trick at the pumps to clear it out. In fact, nothing could have better for a warehouse and genera chandlery. The hold made an excellent cel the floor of the second story was supfar, the flo roof was fixed at the crosstrees, and royal masts were left standing above the

STRANDED SHIPS

roof, with the signal halvards ready rove. to serve for flagstaffs. Gradually the building was altered and patched, and the traces of the original ship

disappeared from view, but the name Ni-antic was a fixture, and people entering the warehouse continued to speak of coming abourd or coming over the sids. When the city decided to expand at the expense of the bay, and filled in the flats and formed Samsome and Battery, and all the other streets which have put the wreck of the Niantic haif a mile inland, the filling in buried out of sight the hull and channel places of the ship, and it ceased to resemble anything that had ever floated. When this first building went into decay and was condemned, the old ship was found to be the soundest part of it all. But it was buried still deeper by the foundations of the large, and for that time, modern building that took its place. Now there is nothing of the ship left except the name of the building and the old mainmast, which runs ur from story to story, and is used to support its due share of the weight. Some of the pioneers stoutly aver that the mainmast of the Niantic prophesics coming of sales upon the bay by the way it creaks for two or three days before the

FROM SONNETS TO THE

wind comes, and that these forecasts are

Of heaven on heaven wing your ethereal Knew ye how Love on earthly shores today For your true sake his feast in triumph keeps?